

The Half Fool

By M. QUAD

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One day when Abner Gray appeared in the village of Medina for the first time the first citizen he met sized him up for a half fool. He appeared to be a young man of about twenty-four and was stout and lusty. About all that he had to say was that he was looking for work, and he found it at the livery stable. He was given work at \$10 a month, which the stableman had been paying double that to have done, but he had said to Abner:

"You see, you may run across a buried treasure, and if you do it's all yours."

He worked for the liveryman for two months, and then, having found no treasure, he decided to quit his job. There was a rush to secure his services. He was a good worker, and he could be had at half price. He put in a month at the village tavern, and as the treasure still eluded him he engaged himself to Deacon Spiney.

The deacon had a talk with Abner. He was not going to deceive the man in the least.

"Abner," he said, "I have got ten acres in corn."

"Yes, sir."

"I want to hire you to attend to them."

"Do you think the British buried any gold in that field?" was asked.

"Um! I can't say. Folks are saying that they buried gold somewhere around here. It might have been in my cornfield, and it might not. If you want 40 cents a day and board till that corn is shelled you can go ahead."

"But I must be looking for buried treasure while I work."

"And I'll allow you to do that."

"And if I find a box of gold?"

"It will be all yours—that is, half of it shall be yours."

"But I want it all. Mr. Jones, the carpenter, wants me to go to work for him. He says a carpenter often finds buried treasure, and he always keeps it all."

"Well, I can afford to be as liberal as Mr. Jones. Go to work, Abner, and make the dirt fly."

The village was still keeping track of the half fool. There was a general grin when it was known that he had gone to work for Deacon Spiney, and he was accosted on all sides with:

"How deep do you suppose they buried the box?" Abner would ask in a whisper.

"About two feet. You see, General Washington was hot on their trail and shooting them in the back, and they wouldn't have time to dig more than two feet."

"And how much gold would there be in the box?"

"At least \$20,000 and maybe double that. The British were mighty mean about some things, but when they buried their gold they heaped up the measure."

"All right, I'll be looking for that box every day."

Abner had been working in that cornfield for ten days and doing two men's work in one when Deacon Spiney found his conscience troubling him. He therefore walked down to the field to say:

"Abner, I think I ought to tell you that I don't believe the British ever buried any gold hereabout. I can't find in history that there were ever any British soldiers as far west as this."

"So you are going back on your word?" asked the hired man.

"Well, n-o-o, but I want you to understand that I don't believe there is any treasure here. It's 40 cents a day."

"But I'm to have all the treasure I find?"

"Exactly."

"Then it's all right?"

"But I'd like to have you tell people that I don't believe there is any treasure here."

"I will."

Abner kept his promise. When asked about his wages he would reply:

"It's 40 cents a day and board and lodgings and all the treasure I find."

There are people yet in Medina who will tell you that on the afternoon of the seventeenth day of corn shelling Abner Taylor was seen jumping up and down and running about and swinging his arms. Those who saw him from a distance did not go near him, thinking he had been attacked by bumblebees. No inhabitant of the village saw him drop from his window that night and head for the cornfield on the run nor return four hours later. It was the same next night, and on the morning after Abner said to the deacon:

"I have found the treasure and am going away."

"What, what?" exclaimed the deacon. "You say you have found something?"

"Yes, a box of gold."

"In my cornfield?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"Half a bushel or so. I couldn't lift the box."

"And where is it? Abner, I think we must divide up that money between us."

But Abner took to his heels, and Medina saw him no more. They found the empty box, and they almost wept as they gazed on the amount it had held, but the half fool had fooled the wisest and was far away.

WILL MAKE TOWN "DRY."

Sheriff Orders Deputies to Get Busy at Sherman Station, Me.

Bangor, Me., Feb. 19.—Sheriff T. Herbert White has received a petition from the people of Sherman Station, who claim the names of all but six voters are enrolled upon it, asking that the prohibitory law be enforced there.

The sheriff has therefore directed his deputies to make the place "dry."

DOINGS AT WASHINGTON

No Demonstration in House on Money Inquiry

LA FOLLETTE MEN DENY

Their Headquarters Are Not Being Financed by McKinley—A New Supreme Court Judge Is Selected.

Washington, Feb. 19.—The demonstration in the House over the Pujio money trust resolution which was forecast for Saturday, did not materialize and it is now said that it will surely have an airing to-day, when the resolution, according to present plans, is to be taken up in earnest. Chairman Henry Breckinridge still with distended nostrils. Perhaps by this afternoon, the pacifying Democrats may have succeeded in smoothing down the ruffled spirits in their ranks. Mr. Underwood is a wonderful peace agent. At all events, whatever is to happen in the line of storm is to be terminated in nothing other than the passing of the Pujio resolution by a substantial vote and the investigation of the money trust will from that time go on, but in a safe and sane way, and not with the pyrotechnics and tail-twisting Mr. Henry would like to provide. The House Saturday with ease passed the war claims bill, in the main a southern measure. Representative Weeks sought to have the bill include the spoliation claims in which New England is greatly interested, but these went out on a point of order, it being contended that the amendments were not germane to the bill. The Senate is usually disposed to tack on these claims to claim bills and then the House demurs and no claims bill is passed at all.

The president has agreed upon whom he will appoint to the supreme court, but it is a secret. The nomination is to go to the Senate to-day unless the president again changes his mind. The president has been persuaded to put a padlock on his mouth until the nomination has been actually sent to the Senate and he has sealed the lips of those to whom he has revealed his choice. The president has been advised that in this way only can he keep out of further trouble in connection with the nomination.

The La Follette headquarters emphatically denied Saturday that Representative McKim, manager of the Taft headquarters, was financing the La Follette headquarters now. Reports to that effect have been current during the past week and at last have found their way in print. It was also denied that Gifford Pinchot had asked to see Senator La Follette and had been denied audience with no mean intensity and that the senator had included McKim McCormick among those whom he did not want to see. Washington wanted to believe the story and said it ought to be true.

Senator Penrose, chairman of the finance committee of the Senate, expressed the belief Saturday that all the tariff bills that will be sent over to the House to the Senate would reach a vote in the Senate, but that on each there would be vigorous debate. That should mean a long session.

Representative McCall, who has just returned from a stay of some days in Minnesota, reports that he discovered an astonishing amount of Taft sentiment in the state—in fact it seemed to him all Taft, whereas he had been led to expect that Minnesota was altogether anti-Taft. The congressman said he has come to believe that the anti-Taft sentiment is always in the mind. One hears from those who have read what Col. Roosevelt is going to say at Columbus, O., that what he will say is quite in accord with what liberal progressives approve of, excepting in his advocacy of the judicial recall. Over this, some of them make a very very face.

LA FOLLETTE NOT OUT.

Campaign Manager Denies the Story of Debt.

Washington, Feb. 19.—Col. John J. Hanman, personal campaign manager of Senator La Follette, issued a statement Saturday denying reports that Representative William B. McKinley, in charge of the Taft campaign, lent financial aid to the La Follette headquarters and that the latter was in arrears for rent and other expenses. He further reiterates that Mr. La Follette will never withdraw from the race for the presidential nomination and that he has no alliance with Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt or anybody else. "Aside from a few small contributions, the money to conduct the campaign has been furnished by Charles B. Crane, William Kent, Alfred S. Baker, Amos Pinchot, Gifford Pinchot and William Flynn. The La Follette headquarters will be maintained to the end of the campaign and every dollar of the expense will be borne by contributions made by real progressives."

TEDDY, JR., IN WALL STREET.

Rumor That He Is to Ally Himself with Bertrons, Griscom & Jenks.

New York, Feb. 19.—It is rumored here that Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., will desert the carpet business in the West for a partnership or an important place in a prominent financial concern in Wall Street. It is said the matter is settled and that the firm is Bertrons, Griscom & Jenks of 40 Wall street, which has a branch office in the Land Title company building, Philadelphia.

A reporter, calling at the home of the senior member of the firm, Samuel R. Bertrons, found young Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Bertrons at the entrance, shaking hands in parting.

Roosevelt hurried away, and the banker refused to deny or confirm the rumor. "Please don't say anything about this," he said. "Please don't say anything about it—just now."

"Is it true?" was asked. "Why—well, no; it isn't altogether decided. Now, if you come to me in about three or four weeks, I'll tell you all about it. But it really isn't fully decided now."

ALL YOU NEED IS A CASCARET TONIGHT

No Sick Headache, Bilious Stomach, Coated Tongue or Constipated Bowels by Morning.

Turn the cascars out—the headaches, the biliousness, the indigestion, the sick, sour stomach and foul gases—turn them out tonight and keep them out with Cascarets.

Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never know the misery caused by a lazy liver, clogged bowels or an upset stomach.

Don't put in another day of distress. Let Cascarets clean out and regulate your stomach; remove the sour undigested and fermenting food, and that misery-making gas; take the excess bile from your liver and carry out of the system all the decomposed waste matter and poison in the intestines and bowels. Then you will feel great.

A Cascaret tonight will surely straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from any drug store means a clear head and cheerfulness for months. Children love to take Cascarets because they taste good—never gripe or sicken.

BITTER CRY OF THE LONELY.

Unmarried Westerners Flood Bennington with Applications for Wives.

Bennington, Feb. 19.—Postmaster Collins found in his personal mail Saturday morning a lot of letters requesting his help in securing wives for bachelors and widowers on the Pacific coast. Each letter contains the following clipping:

"Seattle, Wash., Feb. 10.—Bennington has sent an appeal to Seattle and the Pacific coast to furnish husbands for its excess female population, the ratio in and around Bennington being twenty women to one man, says a letter received yesterday by Claude F. Gage, marriage license clerk, who is trying to do what he can to satisfy the eastern complaint."

The story describing the overwhelming abundance of women in Bennington has been published from British Columbia to the Mexican line. W. A. Winchell of Vancouver wants to be commended to a widow between 30 and 40 years old. Donald Smith of Yam Hill, Ore., is 67 years old, but he says he does not expect a young woman to marry an old fellow like him. P. T. Sturgis of Portland, Ore., would like to correspond with a country girl between the age of 20 and 30. He writes that he is lonely and that it's hard to get acquainted with good girls in the city. He is a widower.

James Connors, a veteran of the Civil war living at the soldiers' home in West Gate, Cal., asks the postmaster to pick out a rich widow for him, as he is too old to support a wife by hard work. He is drawing a pension of \$17 a month.

Postmaster Graves realizes that only seven days have elapsed since the publication of the story, and he is wondering what is going to happen when the year begins its work in earnest. According to the 1910 census there are 16 more females than males in Bennington.

WHITMAN GETS BRANDT NOTES.

Unable to Obtain One Said to Have Been Written to Mrs. Schiff.

New York, Feb. 19.—With the grand jury proceedings, the habeas corpus decision and the official hearing ordered by the governor in the case of Folke E. Brandt, all postponed until this week, developments in the case Saturday centered upon the district attorney, who devoted his usual Saturday holiday to further investigation.

It was learned that the district attorney obtained possession Saturday of three letters taken from Brandt's room at the time he was arrested, charged with burglary at the home of Mortimer L. Schiff.

The letters were turned over by Howard L. Gans, Mr. Schiff's lawyer, but it was said that a fourth, in possession of Mr. Schiff, he had declined to give up.

The letter was said to be the one which Brandt wrote to Mrs. Schiff and she turned over to her husband. The three district attorney obtained on Saturday were said to have been written by Brandt to servants in the Schiff home.

Gans, in denying Saturday that either he or Mr. Schiff had any need of being granted immunity if they appeared before the grand jury, which the district attorney had refused to allow, said he would seek permission to testify at the public hearing on clemency for Brandt. Commissioner Richard L. Hand sent Tuesday, and if allowed to take the stand, would "make the whole truth plain."

MISS CAMERON ON HAND.

Takes Possession of Hawley's New York House.

New York, Feb. 19.—Possession of the late Edwin Hawley's town house on East Sixtieth street, New York, was taken Saturday by Miss Margaret Cameron, his ward, who long to reside on the railroad man's city and country establishments. Soon after her arrival the report became current that she had lost no time in making known her intention of staying and claiming the property by virtue of papers she held. These documents, it was further said, Miss Cameron told members of the Hawley family, showed her she was entitled not only to the house she was then in, but to the late financier's country place at Babylon, L. I., the furnishings of the two mansions and enough of the personal estate to maintain them. Miss Cameron is credited with having communicated all this information over the telephone to a representative of the family and to have added that she had engaged counsel to push her claims, which could be made effective through the papers in her possession, in her attorney's opinion.

TIME TO KNOW THIS

What Hem-Roid Will Do For Any Woman With Piles.

Many a woman drags along a life of misery with piles because she does not know of HEM-ROID, the sugar-coated tablet remedy that cures any kind of piles by restoring good circulation of blood in the swollen, clogged parts.

HEM-ROID is sold under a guarantee of satisfaction by Burt H. Wells, Barre, Vt., and all druggists. \$1 for 24 days' treatment. Dr. Leonard C. Station, Barre, N. Y., mails a free booklet describing it.

POLICE RAID THE UNKNOWN

Accused of Plot to Get Hermit's Wealth

HIS NURSE IS ARRESTED

Also Ex-State Senator Gardner—Sweeping Power of Attorney That Was Recently Put in Gardner's Hands.

New York, Feb. 19.—George H. Decker, employed as a nurse in the home in Brooklyn of Samuel E. Haslett, known as "the hermit millionaire," who for 25 years, until recently, had allowed no one to enter his house, was arrested Saturday night, charged with conspiracy to defraud his employer out of his property "by criminal means."

A warrant also was issued for the arrest of a lawyer, who, according to an alleged confession by Decker, drew up a will whereby Decker was made the chief beneficiary of the aged millionaire, who for two weeks has been seriously ill.

The arrest of Decker followed a raid upon Haslett's residence on Remsen street, known as "the house of mystery," when Chief Magistrate Otto Kemper and two policemen were obliged to batter down a door to ascertain the reason for the alleged revocation by Haslett of his power of attorney held by John B. Lord, Haslett's attorney for the past 15 years.

Earlier in the day Lord had been refused admission to the house by a man who, he said, showed him a power of attorney supposed signed by the "hermit" and witnessed by Decker. On holding court by the sick man's bedside, Magistrate Kemper says he was told by Haslett in a voice scarcely audible that he never signed any power of attorney and that he supposed that Lord was still acting for him.

The magistrate then ordered the arrest of Decker, who afterward broke down and confessed according to the magistrate, not only the falsity of the power of attorney, which gave to his alleged power-attorney full power over the millionaire's bank account, but to having drawn up a will, under which he received a large share of his estate.

This will, according to his confession, he recently altered to include property left to Haslett by the death in Cornwall, N. Y., Feb. 9, of the latter's sister, who inherited a large fortune from her father, Dr. John Haslett, a member of an old North Carolina family and years ago prominent in the society life of Brooklyn.

Saturday night the police had been unable to find the alleged accomplice in the case, a Manhattan lawyer. Decker had been in the house scarcely two weeks, having been employed by Lord, with another nurse, to care for the eccentric millionaire when he was taken ill.

Mr. Haslett had scarcely stepped out of his house in 25 years, and had led the life of a recluse there, following the tragic death of his wife, who was fatally burned.

The physician who was called found the magnificently furnished interior of the house covered two inches thick with dust, and littering the floor or swept into rubbish-filled corners, more than \$10,000 in paper currency and stock certificates. Boxes of gold and silver coins lay exposed in various rooms, and hundreds of rare books were found in disordered heaps. Two bushels of unopened mail, with postmarks dating back for years, overflowed from two brass jardinières in the hall.

SAYS ITALY IS COMING NATION.

Duke Litts Addresses Twentieth Century Club.

Boston, Feb. 19.—Saturday was a busy day for the members of the Twentieth Century club and their guests who listened to four speakers during the afternoon. Patrick H. W. Ross lectured upon a "National Marine League," Ray Stannard Baker analyzed "The Spirit of Progressivism," Duke Litts of Lombardy talked of "Italian Immigration and Tripoli," and Professor George A. Coe of the Union Theological seminary discussed "Religion and Education."

Said Ray Stannard Baker of the relation between business and politics: "You hear it said so often that if politics would keep its hands off big business the financial affairs of the country would take care of themselves. In my opinion, the present business depression is only a surface indication of registering general unrest."

"Just as slavery came up for trial in the supreme court in the Dred Scott case, so is illegitimate business up for inspection before the bar of justice. I believe that the result of the latter case will be just as revolutionary as the Dred Scott decision."

Duke Litts said of his countrymen, the Lombards: "The Lombards would have invented the wooden nutmeg if the Connecticut Yankee had not. In Italy we Lombards are called 'Yankies,' and we are proud of the title, too. I've heard Americans say that the 'Dagos' were lazy. The 'Dagos' sent \$100,000,000 to Italy in one year. Does that look lazy?"

"We needed Tripoli—it was a grand grab for us. To use a vulgar expression, Italy is just beginning to feel her oats. Wait a bit, and you'll see that Italy is the coming race in Europe."

When baking bread, fill iron gem pans with finger-size pieces of dough. When baked, dainty little rolls are found that are crusty and brown.

Simple Home Remedies.

Have proven to be not only safer, but far more effective than any combination of drugs.

Nearly forty years ago the now famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was a simple home remedy made by a woman whose name it bears, on her kitchen stove, from the roots and herbs of the field, and supplied to friends and neighbors without cost.

The wonderful success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in alleviating the sufferings of womanhood, has made it known in every home in our land, and now recognized the world over as the standard remedy for female ills.

SHE IS DELIGHTED

For Nine Years' Stomach Trouble is Gone.

Everybody knows that the best fed people stand the best chance in the world, if they are careful to keep their stomachs in good trim.

We say positively that there is nothing that will do you so much good when you have stomach trouble and are run-down, worn out and weak, as Vinol, our delicious cod liver and iron preparation without oil.

Letha Chevington, Lucknow, S. C., says: "Indigestion, loss of appetite and general weakness have been troubling me for nine years. When I began taking Vinol a few weeks ago I noticed an improvement in a very short time and now I feel much stronger than I have in years. Vinol has built me up, improved my appetite and digestion, and I am delighted with its splendid results."

You can have your money back if Vinol does not do all we promise you, and certainly this is a generous offer. Let Vinol make you strong. Red Cross Pharmacy, Burt H. Wells, Prop., Barre, Vt.

SNAPSHOTS AT CELEBRITIES

W. J. Cary, Who Favors Government Telegraphs.



Photo by American Press Association.

Congressman William Joseph Cary of Wisconsin, who agrees with Postmaster General Hitchcock that Uncle Sam should own the telegraph and telephone lines, has introduced a bill with that object in view. Mr. Cary is a Republican of the progressive brand. During the famous uprising against Speaker Cannon he was a leading insurgent and is distinguished in other ways. It is said that he mails more free documents than any man in the house and that his main diversion is chewing tobacco.

A native of Milwaukee, his youthful days were filled with hardships. At the age of thirteen he was left an orphan with other children and began work as a messenger boy, the younger children being placed in an asylum. At eighteen he was a telegraph operator and at nineteen he took the younger children from the orphan asylum and gave them a home. The future congressman got into politics by being elected an alderman in Milwaukee. Next he was chosen sheriff and at the first trial of the Wisconsin primary election law was nominated and elected to congress. Congressman Cary is forty-seven years old and is serving his third term.

The Governor of West Virginia.

Colonel Theodore Roosevelt has no warmer supporter than Governor William E. Glasscock of West Virginia. While on a recent visit to New York he urged the colonel to announce his candidacy for chief executive of the nation, with what success has not been made public, but on his departure for home he declared his purpose to work for a Roosevelt delegation from West Virginia.

Governor Glasscock is fifty years old and is the thirteenth governor of the commonwealth of West Virginia. He



Photo by American Press Association.

Is a native of the state, of hardy Scotch stock, and his boyhood days were spent on a farm. For a time he taught school and then for a number of years was clerk of the circuit court of his county. While there he studied law and at the close of his term began the practice of his profession at Morgantown. Soon he became recognized as one of the leaders of the bar and enjoyed a large practice. In 1905 he was appointed collector of internal revenue for West Virginia, continuing in that position until nominated for governor in 1908. His term of office expires next year.

COAL STRIKE SEEMS NEAR

180,000 Miners in Anthracite Regions May Go Out

DEMAND 20 PER CT. INCREASE

"No Concessions," Say Big Operators Privately—Leaders of Each Side to Have It Out at a Conference in N. Y. Next Week.

Wilkesbarre, Feb. 19.—On Feb. 27 the anthracite mine workers' special committee will present to the operators in New York City demands for a new working contract, and upon the operators' answer hinges the question whether there will be a strike of the 180,000 mine workers of the hard coal region.

If such a strike is declared it will affect not only these 180,000 mine workers, but many thousands of railroaders, teamsters and others, and will deprive the coal region of wages amounting to about \$10,000,000 a month.

The mine workers have for the last nine years been working under an agreement made by the Roosevelt strike commission, appointed in 1902. It was for three years and has been twice renewed. It granted the mine workers a 10 per cent. increase in wages and a nine-hour day, with a sliding scale based on the sale price of coal at tidewater. The latter has given them an average monthly advance in wages of almost 4 per cent.

They now demand a 20 per cent. increase in wages, an eight-hour day, recognition of the union and, incidentally, collection by the coal companies of the unpaid dues from the mine workers; abolition of the conciliation board; payment for mined coal by weight instead of by the carload, a one-year agreement and some minor concessions.

These demands were adopted at a convention held in Pottsville early last fall, and the national convention of mine workers held at Indianapolis last month did not change them.

The demands will be presented by a committee consisting of National Presidents Dempsey, Kennedy and Fahy. They will be accompanied by other officers so that they may be on hand for any extended conference that the operators may desire.

The operators will be represented by President George F. Buer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal company, who was their chief spokesman and leader during the seven months' strike of 1902. The operators are saying, as they always do before demands are presented, that they will grant the mine workers no concessions. Mine workers declare with equal positiveness that they will strike unless their demands are granted.

As for the abolition of the conciliation board, a demand which has aroused more criticism in the coal region than any other, because the board has been generally considered the chief factor in preventing strikes and preserving harmonious relations between the operators and the employees, the mine workers say that its method of settling disputes is too slow and is far from satisfactory.

The operators, realizing that there would be the threat of a strike when the agreement expires on March 31, began preparing for it last summer, and they say they are better prepared to fight a strike now than ever before. Since last summer the operators have mined all the coal possible to get out; they would have taken out more, they say, had the miners been as willing to work as the companies are. Most of the men, however, so the operators charge, remain away from work several days of each month, following pay days and holidays.

Nevertheless the coal companies have placed several million tons in their big storage yards, and in addition have been filling the storage bins of coal dealers in various cities outside the coal regions.

Therefore the operators are confident that they can beat the workers in event of a strike. They say they are not afraid of the political situation and that there will be no political interference this time.

The Amiable Man.

I've never found that speech profane has won a friend for me. I've never found it paid me much to curse. And while I know a lot of words of sheer profanity I've never found they've helped me in a muss.

And so it is no mortal lives who's ever heard me swear. Not even such a little word as "My!" When things go wrong and seem to be completely past repair I simply bang my foreman on the eye.

I've never found it paid to meet my troubles with a frown. It doesn't pay to corrugate one's face. Frowns only serve to drag a fellow's troubled spirit down.

And fill his mind with notions mean and base. And hence it is my pallid brow of wrinkles all is free, Nor gives an outward sign of inward cares.

When some one comes along by day or night to pester me I simply smile and kick him down the stairs.

I don't believe it ever pays to lose one's temper over The little slings and arrows of this life.

I don't believe an angry shout or loud and blatant roar Will ever ease a fellow of his strife. 'Tis better far to go your way with fresh and happy mind.

As though you dwelled beneath a flag of truce, And when the hosts of Trouble shall appear upon the scene Take off your coat and thrash 'em like the deuce!

—Lippincott's.

CASTORIA